

The Boxing Biographies Newsletter

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Name: Vince Dundee

Career Record: [click](#)

Alias: Vincenzo Lazzaro

Nationality: US American

Hometown: Baltimore, Maryland, USA

Born: 1907-10-22

Died: 1949-07-27

Age at Death: 41

Height: 5' 8"

Trainer: [Heinie Blaustein](#)

Manager: [Max Waxman](#)

Photo #2

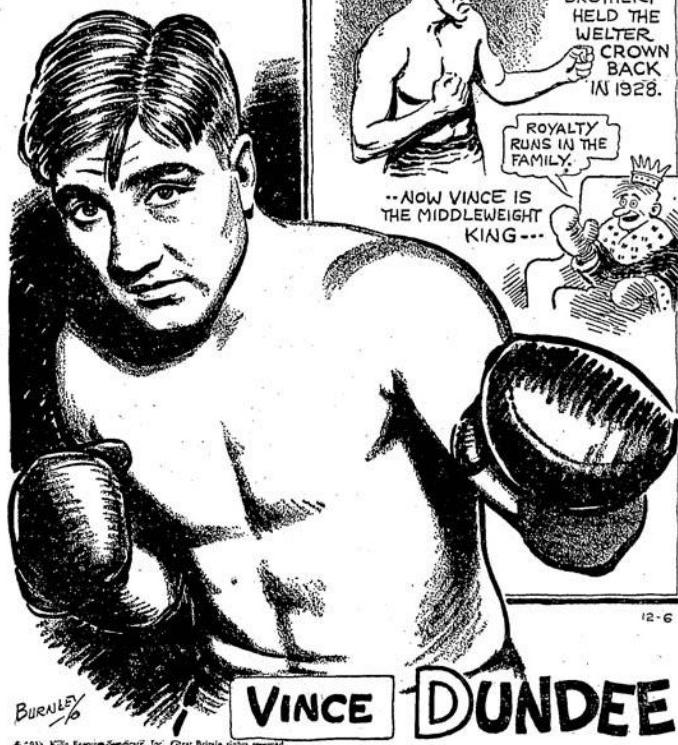
Vince Dundee grew up in Baltimore, Maryland. He was the brother of World Welterweight Champion [Joe Dundee](#). He was stricken with multiple sclerosis in 1942, and died at a Glendale, California sanitarium in 1949. He was survived by his wife, Connie; son, Vince Jr.; and father, Louis Lazzara of Boston.

Trivia: He survived a collision with a train that hurled his automobile several hundred feet not long after his boxing career had ended.

Ready to Defend His Laurels

By BURNLEY

VINCE DEFENDS HIS TITLE
FOR THE FIRST TIME AGAINST
ANDY CALLAHAN IN BOSTON.



proceeded to pour about five million straight lefts into Brouillard's scowling pan, taking practically every round, to win the bout and the title by a ridiculously wide margin.

Friday night Dundee returns to the Beantown arena to defend his new crown against another Boston southpaw, Andy Callahan. Andy used to be a lightweight, but has gradually eaten his way up to the 160-lb. class. He is handled by fat Johnny Buckley, Jack Sharkey's pilot, and is considered a pretty good fighter up Boston way, although Dundee shouldn't experience a great deal of trouble in whipping him.

Vince is the second member of this particular Dundee family to reach championship heights in the ring. A few years ago his brother Joe held the welterweight title, which he won from Pete Latzo. When Joe was the welter champ, Vince was just a youngster coming up, and he used to serve as Joe's sparring partner.

Now Joe's kid brother is a champion in his own right, while the elder of the two fighting Dundee's is through with the ring and is operating a gasoline filling station in Baltimore. Vince is probably a better fighter than his brother ever was, though the lantern-jawed Joseph was a much better puncher. The present middleweight champion (N.Y. State version) is a cleverer

The Corsicana Daily Sun

6 December 1933

IT was a month or so ago that Vincent Dundee of Newark stepped into the resin pit at the Boston Garden to face Lefty Louis Brouillard, sawed-off southpaw slugger then generally recognized in the East as middleweight champion.

The sad-eyed Newark Italian was a 1 to 2 underdog in the betting, with few takers at any price. The experts were unanimous in picking the pudgy Brouillard to retain his title, some going so far as to predict that the rather shop-worn Mister Dundee would be gazing up at the arena's ceiling from a horizontal position before the final bell clanged. But the melancholy Vincent, unmindful of such hostile critics,

boxer than Joe was, and what is more important he can take it. The older Dundee's fatal flaw was a china chin, as you will recall. Vince will make a good enough middleweight champ, though he is not exactly a spectacular fighter to watch. His chief competition will come from Teddy Yarosz, who beat him twice; Young Terry, Gorilla Jones and Marcel Thil.

Moorhead Daily News

18 march 1933

DUNDEE PLASTERS JEBY DECISIVELY

BUT IT'S A DRAV

TITLE FAILS TO CHANGE HAND THROUGH WORLD'S WORST DECISION.

Derisions and Boos Greet Anouncement of Judges, Referee's Compilations.

By JACK CUDDY
New York, March 18

Boxing world today tried to piece together the middleweight championship jig-saw puzzle handed out by two judges and a referee in Madison Square Garden last night. All of the newspapermen and apparently most of the 12,000 fans who saw the 15-round title bout between New York state's world champion Ben Jeby, and Vince Dundee, Baltimore, thought they saw a decisive victory by Dundee, but the crown still rested on Jeby's head.

Jeby Surprised Too

The three officials, present while Jeby received a sound trouncing from the challenger, called the affair a draw. Even Jeby's battered face registered surprise. The crowd was stunned but soon the fans shook the Garden's steel girders with thundered derision.

Newspapermen were unanimous in the opinion that it was one of the worst decisions in New York's boxing history. The United Press score sheet gave Dundee 11 rounds, Jeby 2 and 3 even. Most of the writers gave Dundee the decision by a wide margin.

Disagreement of the officials resulted in the draw verdict, Judge Charles Lynch voted for Dundee giving him 9 rounds, and Jeby with 1 even. But Judge Eddie Farrell balloted for Jeby, awarding him 9 rounds, 3 to Dundee and 3 even. Referee Eddie Forbes voted a draw giving each fighter 7 rounds and calling 1 even.

Sorry Looking



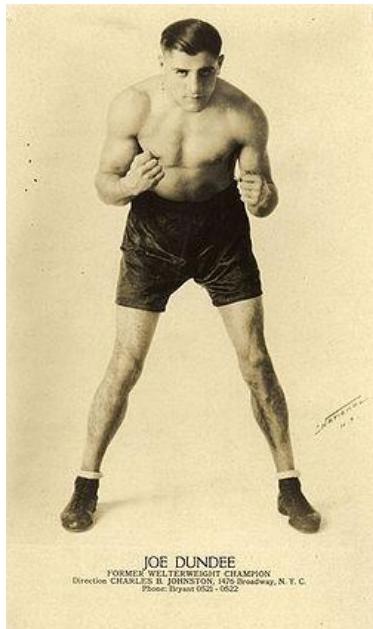
Jeby, who won the title two months ago and risked it last night against the man who previously had taken two 10-round decisions over him, was a sorry looking champion after the final gong. Dundee's darting left jabs, pounding on his face during most of the rounds, had done plenty of damage. His lips were puffed and bleeding, his nose swollen like a ripe tomato and his left eye almost close, with a trickle of blood from the corner.

The challenger gave the champion a boxing lesson. It required only two rounds for Dundee to solve Jeby's style of body attack. Then continually dancing backwards, he started to spear his opponent's face with left jabs as Jeby came in. His footwork kept him out of danger although Jeby managed to land a couple of hard hooks to the head in the ninth round. Jeby weighed 159 1/2 pounds, Dundee 159 3/4.

Name: Joe Dundee
Birth Name: Samuel Lazzaro
Born: 1903-08-16
Birthplace: Rome, Lazio, Italy
Died: 1982-03-31 (Age:78)
Nationality: US American
Hometown: Baltimore, Maryland, USA
Stance: Orthodox
Height: 5' 7" / 170cm
Boxing Record: [click](#)

Trainer: [Heinie Blaustein](#)
Managers: [Max Waxman](#); [Charles Johnston](#)

- Brother of fellow boxer [Vince Dundee](#); father of [Lou Dundee](#)



The Daily Northwestern

4 June 1927

Dundee is the new welterweight champion of the world

FIGHTS WAY TO TITLE IN 15 ROUNDS

Gallant Latzo Believed to Have Been Weakened as Result of Starvation Necessary to Cut Weight to the 147-Pound Limit and Fails to Hold Pace

After almost a year in the hard coal region of Pennsylvania the welterweight boxing champion of the world has shifted to Baltimore where Samuel Lazzaro learned to fight as an urchin.

Grown to rugged manhood and possessed of the fighting name Joe Dundee, he fought his way to the championship in fifteen furious rounds with Pete Latzo the title holder Friday night at Polo field. Thirty thousand persons whooped them on as the former breaker boy rallied to defense of his title against the ex champion.

STARTS SLOWLY.

Starting slowly the fight gathered momentum, round by round, and finished at express train speed, with Dundee, victory and fame within his grasp pounding out a clean victory on points. Ten of fifteen rounds were his in the opinion of experts sit the ringside, and one was even. Only in the first, second and fourth, and in a desperate rally in the twelfth did the champion excel.

Weakened obviously by the starvation necessary to cut his weight to the 147-pound limit, the gallant Latzo could not hold the pace that Dundee hit as the goal of his life came into view. At the end Latzo was battered and bruised - a beaten champion - while Dundee bore hardly a mark.

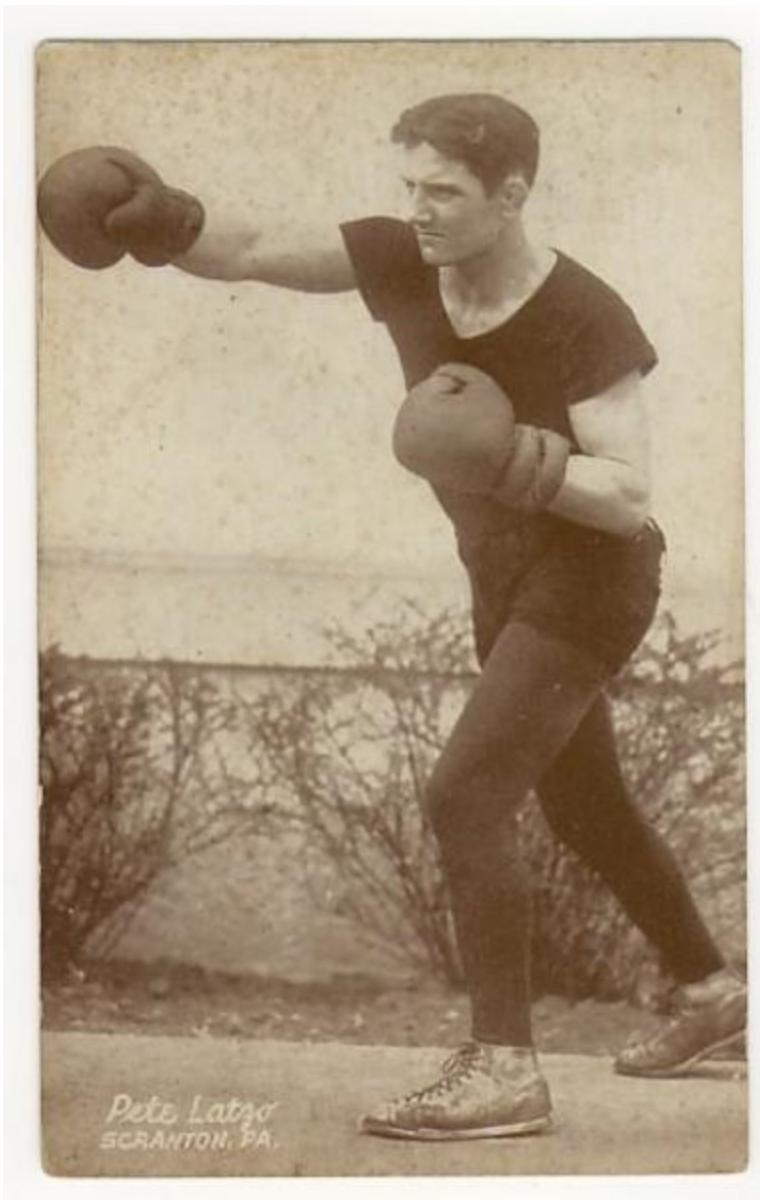
DEVASTATING FORCE.

Batting and punching with a, devastating force Joe Dundee of Baltimore won the world welterweight championship here last night, in a 15-round decision over Pete Latzo a chunky little boy from the coal belt of Pennsylvania.

The score as recorded by the officials was two for Dundee and a draw voted by Harold Barnes the second judge. But the unofficial vote in the press section was four rounds for Latzo, nine for Dundee and two even. The two which were voted even were a compliment to the champion.

The United Press tabulation was for Latzo—the first, second, eighth, and the twelfth rounds, for Dundee— the fourth, fifth, sixth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth.

The third and seventh rounds were scored as even.



he wasn't able and was knocked all over the ring.

Tommy Loughran, leading contender for the world light heavyweight championship, told the United Press it was a very close decision and that Dundee won it in the fifteenth round in a flying finish.

Latzo started fast and scored over Dundee who is known to be a slow starter. Dundee got started in the third, and fourth, and in the fifth Latzo's seconds were feeding him from a bottle of aromatic spirits. From then on Latzo became weaker and weaker, and in the eleventh round

Dundee landed a punch to the stomach so hard that Latzo said audibly: "Oh, oh," and before he came off the ropes Dundee opened his left eye with a right hand punch.

BATTLE APPEARS

Starting in the thirteenth when both were obviously tired, Dundee's seconds pulled out a bottle so labeled as to defy the prohibition law Dundee took two sips and came out strong, fighting furiously.

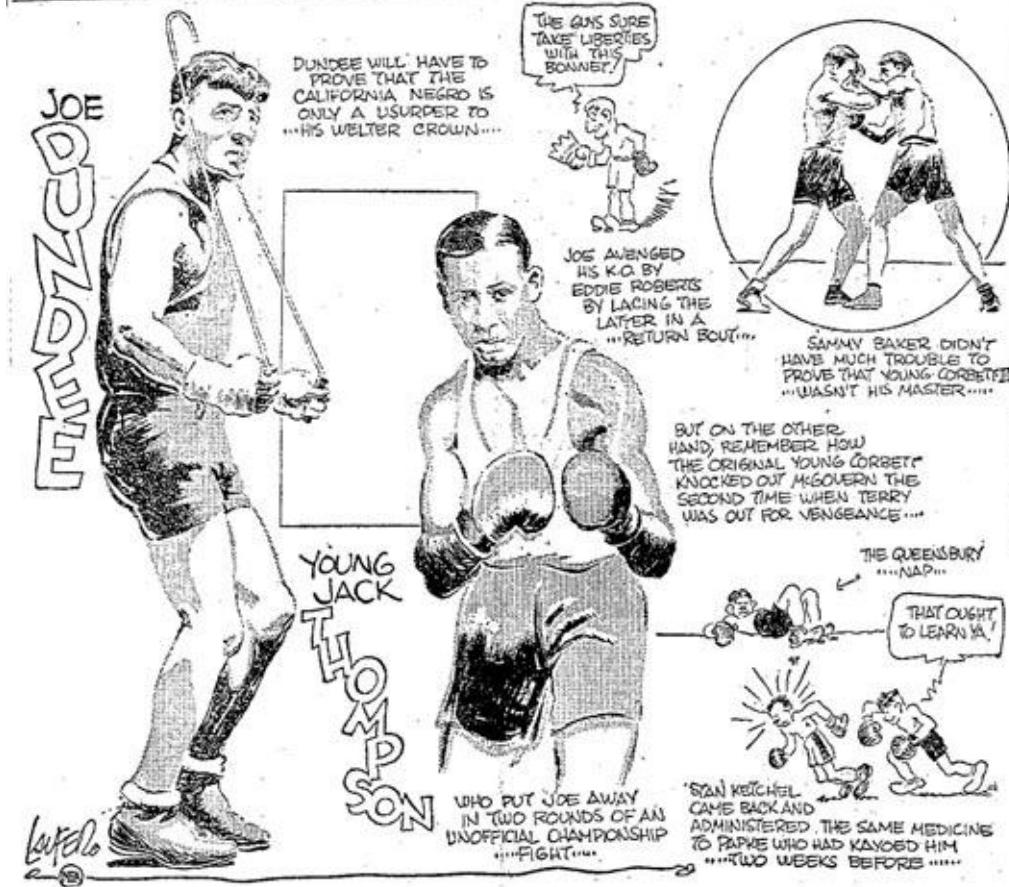
In the fourteenth, Dundee pounded lefts and rights to the body and Latzo grunted again. As they came out for the fifteenth round, Dundee said: "Come on, Pete, let's go." Pete tried to go, but

The Ogden Standard

28 October 1928

By Henry L. Farrell

THEY DON'T ALWAYS REPEAT! THAT'S WHY FARRELL PICKS DUNDEE TO BEAT THOMPSON



In the mind of more than a few thinkers it is going to be just too bad for Joe Dundee when the welterweight champion goes into the arena in New York in November to expose that lantern hanging chin of his to the shots of Young Jack Thompson, the California negro.

It not only would be too bad for Dundee but it would be terrible for him if one past performance-

was true, enough to shoot the works on. In their one previous meeting Thompson flattened the champion and was deprived of the title only by the precaution of Dundee's manager, who had made the negro come in over weight.



Past performances are good indications. Men who try to beat the races depend almost entirely upon the conclusions they arrive at by a study of what a horse has done previously under similar conditions. But they try to strike an average by making allowances for peculiar conditions and circumstances. And in striking that average you frequently hear them say "You can throw that race out."

And the smart boxing men who want to do a little wagering on the return match between Dundee and Thompson will 'throw out' that first heat between the pair in Chicago and reach their conclusions on what is shown in the previous performances of the champion and his challenger.

DUNDEE'S RECORD BETTER

Dundee's record shows that he has been a better fighter than Thompson in spite of all the panning tossed at him for his zeal in protecting the title. In the fashion of a good business man he has done his best to avoid the toughest of his rivals until he could get real important money for fighting them. He was not original in the exercise of this caution. He only copied the other champions.

There is also in his record something that makes him look pretty good as he approaches what looks like an awful tough spot. He was flattened once before and he came back and gave a fine smacking around to the boy who had flattened him.

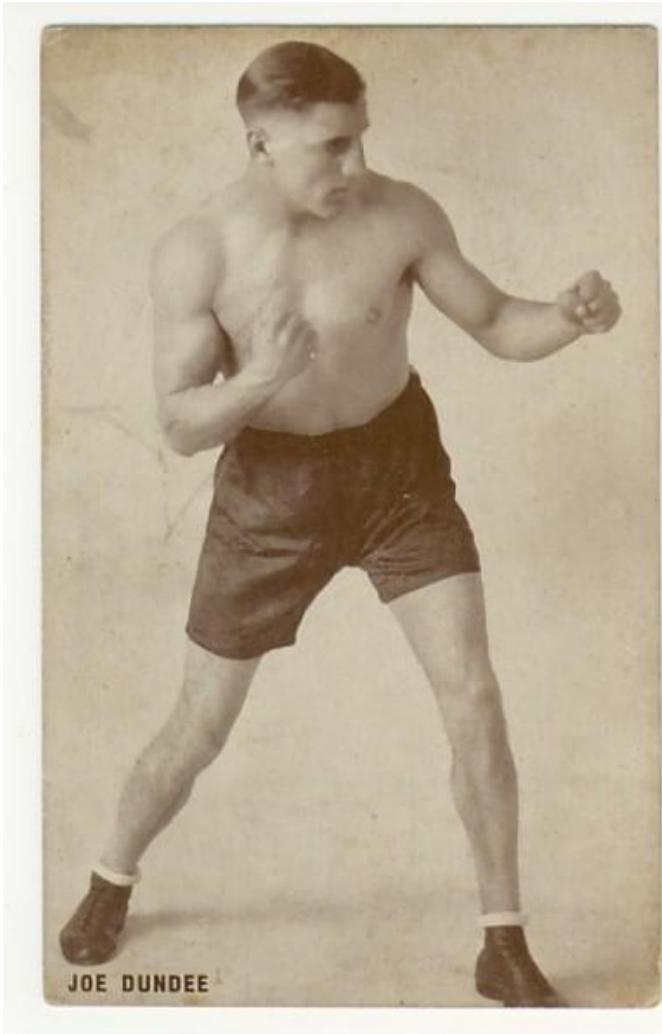
Dundee thought he was taking a sucker when he agreed to fight Thompson in Chicago and when he was working up for a title shot back in 1926 he fell for a sucker match against Eddie Roberts, another Californian, who was just about as unknown at that time as Thompson was a while back.

HE SOCKED ROBERTS

Roberts knocked Dundee out in the first round and Dundee hardly had come around when he said he wanted that guy again and quick. He insisted upon a return match and in a short time he got Roberts back in with him for a ten-rounder and gave him a good beating.

Young Corbett, who died last year, was the only prominent boxer who scored a sensational victory over a high ranking fighter and made good the same way in a return bout. He startled the country when he knocked out the great Terry McGovern and he knocked out Terry the second time when McGovern tried to prove that his first victory was a fluke.

Billy Papke scored a sensational knockout victory over Stanley Ketchel and ten weeks later Ketchell knocked Papke out in a return bout.



Sammy Baker, the former army sergeant, who is right up there wanting a title fight with the winner of the Dundee-Thompson fight, also figured in one of the same kind of cases. Baker caused a big surprise early in 1927 when he knocked out Ace Hudkins, the highly touted western fighter. He cut up Hudkins so badly that the referee stopped the fight but there was

no question that he would have finished the job if the fight had continued.

HUDKEN'S-BAKER BOUTS

A few months' later Hudkins beat Baker in a return match in Los Angeles. Baker was involved in another one just recently. He was beaten in New York by Young Corbett III, another ranking contender for the title, but it was generally admitted to have been a wrong decision. In a return match Baker copped the decision although he was beaten so badly in the early rounds that his corner wanted the fight stopped.

Dundee is a smart fighter. He wouldn't have taken a return match so quickly with Thompson if he didn't feel sure - and it is our hunch - that he will beat him in the return match. Especially so since that fight in which Jackie Fields battered Young Thompson all about the ring out in California.

The Ogden Standard Examiner

26 July 1929

Dundee Drops Welterweight Title To Coast Flash

Foul Blow To Baltimore Star

Championship contest at Detroit ends in second round; former champion goes down twice for count; gate receipts announced at \$175,000

On the head of Jackie fields, product of Chicago's ghetto, the worlds welterweight crown rested today. Jackie won undisputed claim to the title last night when he was fouled by two

low punches in the second round of his title fight with Joe Dundee, Baltimore Italian, who has been dodging the foremost challengers of his division, with such consistency that he already had already had been deprived of his title by the National Boxing association.

Jackie started after Dundee in the initial round and was ahead on points when the bell sounded. He opened the second round by flooring Dundee, for a count of six. Joe came in gamely to take another solid smash on the jaw and went down for the count of seven. From that point on he was as good as beaten.

WINS ON FOUL

As Joe came up, he staggered against the ropes and then lunged toward Fields, both arms swinging wildly. The first, a right, landed in the groin and Jackie fell back in pain amid the crowd's boos. The second, a left, also landed low and Jackie fell prostrate to the floor.

When it was obvious he was too badly hurt to continue, Fields hand was raised as winner — as newly crowned welterweight champion of the world. The fans howled in delight. It was several minutes before the cheering subsided. And so it was that Jackie went Down — down to victory and up to the title.

Fields' victory was popular generally despite the fact New York and a few other states boxing commissions had tolerated over a long period Dundee's refusal to meet the logical contenders in his division. It was only when Fields agreed to enter the Detroit ring on the short end of the purse and take his chances to lose all his claims or become undisputed champion that

Dundee finally was induced to defend his title.

The new champion had been the favorite in the betting. Odds ranged from 7 to 5 to 2 to 1.



WINS EASILY

Jackie's victory last night was convincing. He was master of the fight from the outset and had whipped Dundee so badly that Joe was irresponsible for the low blows he landed.

The fight, second of the three championship fights of the summer season, drew a crowd of approximately 31,000 and gate

receipts of about \$175,000. The show was put on by Floyd Fitzsimmons and was the first under Michigan's new state law permitting 15 round bouts.



The preliminary fights ended as follows: Carlo Mazzola, Detroit, bantam, outpointed Johnny Martini, Chicago (6) . Roger Bernard, Flint, won by technical knockout from Young

Terry McGovern. Youngstown (2) . Soldier Dombrowski . Detroit lightweight, defeated Pete Firpo, Detroit (6).

The fight by rounds:

Round One

They shook hands in the middle of the ring and came out fighting. Dundee missed a left to the head and they clinched. Fields digs a left to the body. Dundee drove a right to the head. Fields was short with a left to the head, but drove a right to the body. Fields hooked two lefts and rights to the head. They came together Dundee landing a right to the head. Fields shot two lefts and rights to the head with Dundee backing to the ropes. Fields hooked a left to the body as the champion came into range. They traded lefts to the face.

Fields hooked a left to the jaw and a right to the cheek Fields hooked another left to the jaw with Dundee backing away as the round ended.

Round Two

Dundee was short with a left to the head and they clinched in mid-ring. They exchanged body punches. Fields hooked two lefts to the body and a terrific right to jaw. Dundee backed to the ropes and was floored with a heavy barrage of punches to the head. He got up at the count of nine and was not down again until a moment later for a count of seven. Fields drove three rights to the jaw that had the champion reeling. Dundee drove a hard right to foul territory and Fields fell to the floor in pain. His seconds started to work over him while he was dragged to his corner. He was unable to sit on the chair and fell to the floor. A doctor was called in to the ring to make an examination .

WHICH WILL BE CHAMPION TOMORROW?



The Ogden Standard Examiner

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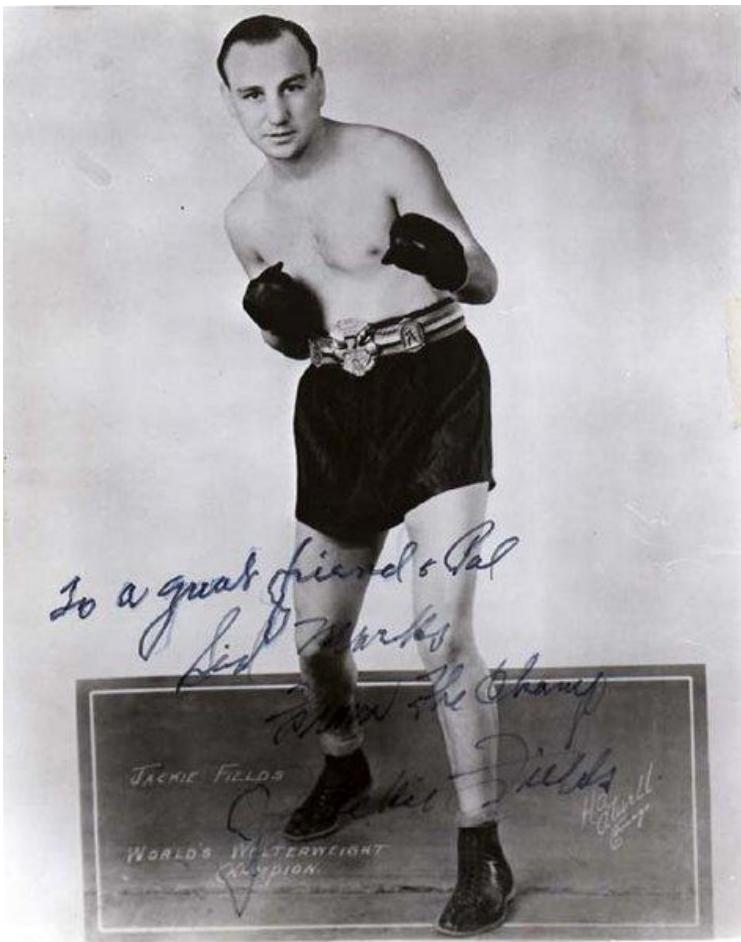
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Yankee Stadium 75 Years ago Today

By Tony Triem

[My sincere thanks to my good friend Tony for this article]

It's Wednesday evening, June 22, 1938, 75 years ago today one of the great dramas of ring history exploded. On this Wednesday evening the world stood still for 2 minutes and 42 seconds. On that night, Joe Louis knocked out Max Schmeling. This was no ordinary title defense; this was no mere confrontation of white hope and black champion. The world took sides. It was a morality play.

On June 19, 1936, Max Schmeling, an experienced craftsman with a power packed right took on young Joe Louis, fast rising heavyweight who by all estimates was destined for greatness. Louis was thought to have everything, everything that is except the vital experience against a veteran master like Schmeling. In the pre-fight building, Schmeling, un-intimidated by the zealous publicity given Louis, said he saw something in Louis' style that could be exploited. And indeed he did. In 12 grueling rounds, Louis took a decisive beating and learned his lesson. A lesson he was never to forget in a brilliant career.

A year later, Louis knocked out James J. Braddock in 8 rounds to become heavyweight champion of the world. But doubt lingered, was he truly the champion, what about Schmeling? How could one be proclaimed champion when he was so convincingly beaten by a man who was denied his chance against Braddock? And if there were those who would dismiss this, one man carried that doubt deep within him. Was he an imposter wearing another man's crown, was Schmeling really the rightful champion.

These were years of despair, we were still struggling in a depression. Only a few years earlier, men had stood on street corners selling apples and the squalor of poverty spread everywhere. The Works Progress Administration (WPA) was a means of dignifying public welfare. We "lived" through the adventurous experiences of the rich and eccentrics. Boys everywhere dreamed the dreams of glory - 60 home runs, ride the Derby winner, become heavyweight champion of the world – fans and fortune were the instant rewards. At the lowest level, the quickest way out of the slum was through the ring. There were Italian, Jewish, Polish and Negro ghettos. Whoever made it to the top carried with him the aspirations of a whole people. For some strange reason, the ring became the path in which the repressed hopes and desires found victorious freedom on the muscular back of a gloved warrior.

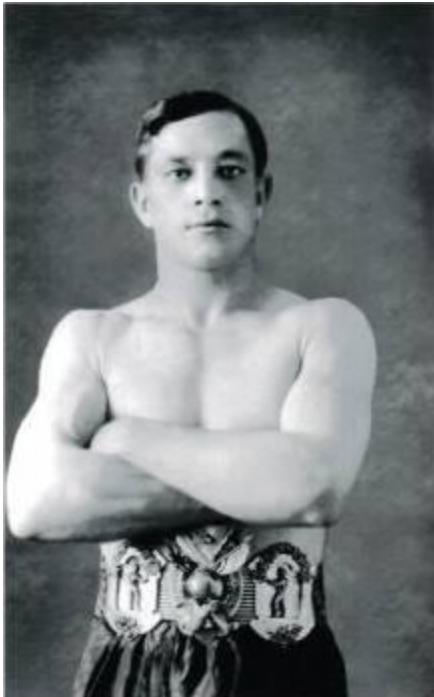
Across the water in Europe, the rumblings of another war were being heard. Our isolation was both physical and spiritual. Why entangle ourselves in the affairs of other countries? And for the unemployed whose daily bread was uncertain, he was far removed from everything. A new kind of military was being instigated in Germany, this one guided by a megalomaniac who was making pronouncements about man and supermen, black and white, white and super white. The myth of Aryan invincibility was the building block upon which a new empire was being built.

A fighter named Max Schmeling came onto the scene at precisely the right moment. Gloating propagandists took his victory over Louis to signify the correctness of Hitler's warped racism. Only a year earlier at the Berlin Olympics, an exceptional athlete named Jesse Owens had put on one of the most stirring performances in track history. When his time of recognition came, the racists turned their backs scornfully to promote their philosophy.

Following Schmeling's victory, the propagandists went to work twisting anthropology to find some rationale for their kind of superiority. Those who sat on stoops and stared out tenement windows waited the hour of redemption, and those who saw Europe about to be swallowed by goose-stepping monsters sought a liberator, if only a symbolic one, in Joe Louis. He and he alone on a night in June would somehow put the world back in order. He and he alone would silence Hitler's propagandists.

No one was immune to the emotion. Frustration and anger were to be given their public quarter, truth was to be served. Schmeling was the devil's disciple and was to be taught a lesson – he was going to be delivered to his master. The normally reserved Louis was reported to have declared that this is the fight he most wanted to win – this was the one man he wanted to destroy.

For 2 minutes and 42 seconds 75 years ago, the heart beat faster. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds, the world stood still and listened. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds, a drama unfolded. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds 75 years ago, it was the most historic drama being performed on earth.



Name: Stanley Ketchel
Career Record: [click](#)
Alias: The Michigan Assassin
Birth Name: Stanislaus Kiecal
Nationality: US American
Birthplace: Grand Rapids, MI
Born: 1886-09-14
Died: 1910-10-15
Age at Death: 24
Height: 5' 9
Managers: [Joe O'Conner](#), [Willus Britt](#)

Moorhead Daily News 18 March 1933

STAN KETCHELL, RING ADVENTURER *Bloody Fight with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien Is Famous*

**From Start to finish Everything
About This Montana Cowpuncher Was Colorful**

Stanley Ketchel's name often appears on sport pages even now, although he died in 1910 at the age of 23. From start to finish everything about Ketchel was sensational. He never fought a colorless fight in his eight years in the ring, and he was as bold and reckless an adventurer as the ring ever knew.

Stan's real name was Stanislaus Kiecal. At 16 he was a Montana cow-puncher with a reputation as a reckless fighter. A friend of mine, Armin Brand, came down from a Montana trip with an interesting story. "Saw a kid named Ketchel," he said. "Works on a ranch and comes to town to fight. He takes on other cowboys or any traveling fighter any size. Knocks them cold, and he isn't much more than a lightweight."

A sporting saloon keeper took a liking to the kid and hired him as a bouncer. Three big tough guys came down to have some fun with him. Ketchell knocked them down and dragged them out, one after another. You'll hear about that fellow—he can fight."



That was the stormy start of Ketchel's stormy career. It was always stormy. They couldn't come too tough for him. In his second fight he knocked out Mose LaFontise, a famous Montana walloper, in 24 rounds. I once saw La Fontise break an opponent's jaw squarely off on both sides with one right hook. A tough hombre but not too tough for Ketchel who went on to pile up a winning streak of 21 straight knockouts and become one of our great world's champions.

Takes Title from Joe Thomas

After cleaning up all the Montana towns Ketchel went to Sacramento, Cal., knocked out a local fighter, George Brown, and was at once grabbed for a fight with Joe Thomas. Joe was recognized in the west as welter and then middleweight champion, and he was so good that he had run out of competition. The Ketchel fight wasn't considered good enough for San Francisco, and was put on at Marysville. Next day the city papers

carried the startling news that the unknown Stanley Ketchel had carried the fight furiously to Thomas for 20 rounds; that Thomas had barely avoided being knocked out and had been lucky to get a rather complimentary "draw" decision.

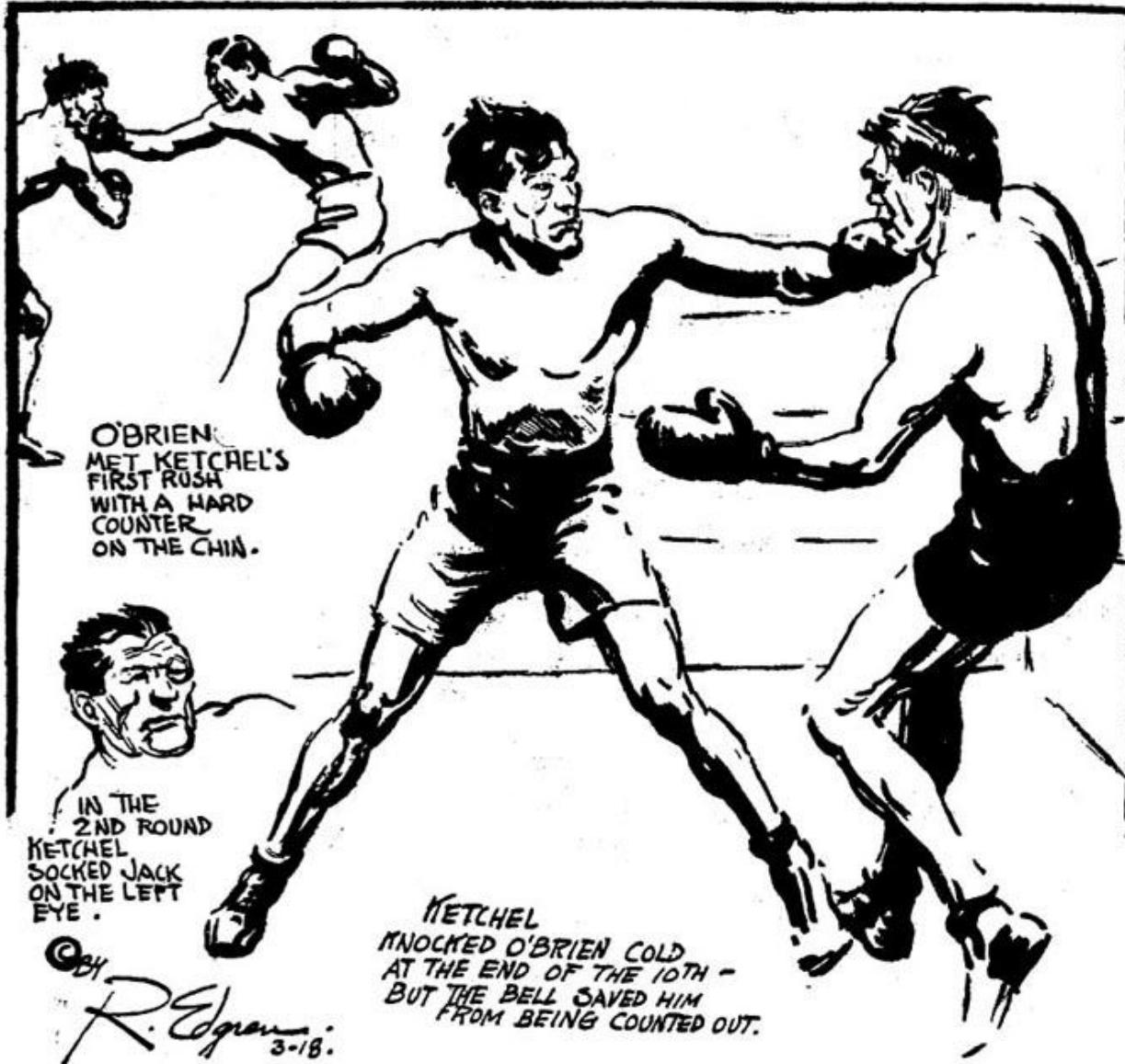
This was July 4th, 1907. San Francisco, sore over having missed such a battle, insisted on another match, on September 2nd, to be a 45 round fight. Thomas trained hard and everyone expected to see him knock the enterprising stranger out in a hurry.

Jim Coffroth, the promoter, always says that was the greatest fight he ever saw. Thomas was a very cool fighter—a great boxer with a punch. Ketchel was relentless and furious. In the ninth round Ketchel was down and looked beaten, but he came up fighting like a wild man and battered Thomas all over the ring. It was a ding dong battle right up to the 32nd round where Ketchel put over the knockout.

Recognized as Middleweight champion Ketchel didn't go around looking for easy money but gave Thomas another chance in December, winning the decision in 20 rounds. Thomas was stubborn and hard to satisfy and a few months later Ketchel knocked him out in two rounds. The battering he got in these four fights finished Joe Thomas as a fighter. He tried a few more bouts but he had nothing left.

O'Brien trains hard To Regain Public Favour

Willie Britt, Ketchel's new manager, went to New York and wired Ketchel to come on and fight Jack O'Brien. Philadelphia Jack was extremely clever and had a lot of experience and a long and impressive career record. He had even taken the light heavyweight crown from Old Bob



Fitzsimmons three or four years before. But at the moment he is barred by most of the fight clubs for having made a tactical error. Charged with conducting his fight business on lines that are now popular in the wrestling profession .

O'Brien not only admitted it but gave out a "confession." An occasional "barney" might not have turned the promoters against Jack, if he had followed the usual custom and issued an indignant denial, but candidly admitting it was a cardinal sin. O'Brien hadn't been hired as a fistic entertainer for a long time.

This Ketchel fight offered Jack his one fight to get back into favor. He was desperately anxious to get back, and he trained long and hard and was in remarkable condition the night of the fight, ready to give New York the surprise of the season.

That was March 26, 1909, in the old National club in the old horse pavilion on 24th street—the "gilt edge" club with gold plated ring posts and velvet covered ropes. Johnny White was promoter and Tim Hurst referee.

That fight I list fifth in the rings sensations I've seen, partly because it was so desperately fought and partly because of the startling surprises that nearly knocked the spectators off their seats. As for O'Brien, he was under the shadow of his "confessions," figured to be all through and hardly taken seriously. And while we all knew a man who could knock out Joe Thomas was good I doubt that anyone dreamed that in Ketchel we were to see one of the great middleweight champions of all time.

O'Brien Ignores Youngster But Can't Ignore Punches

Ketchel walked over to shake hands. O'Brien paid no attention to him and wouldn't get up. The crowd hooted O'Brien and Ketchel walked back carelessly to his corner. If the veteran hoped to bluff or annoy the youngster the trick didn't work. Ketchel seemed cool and indifferent.

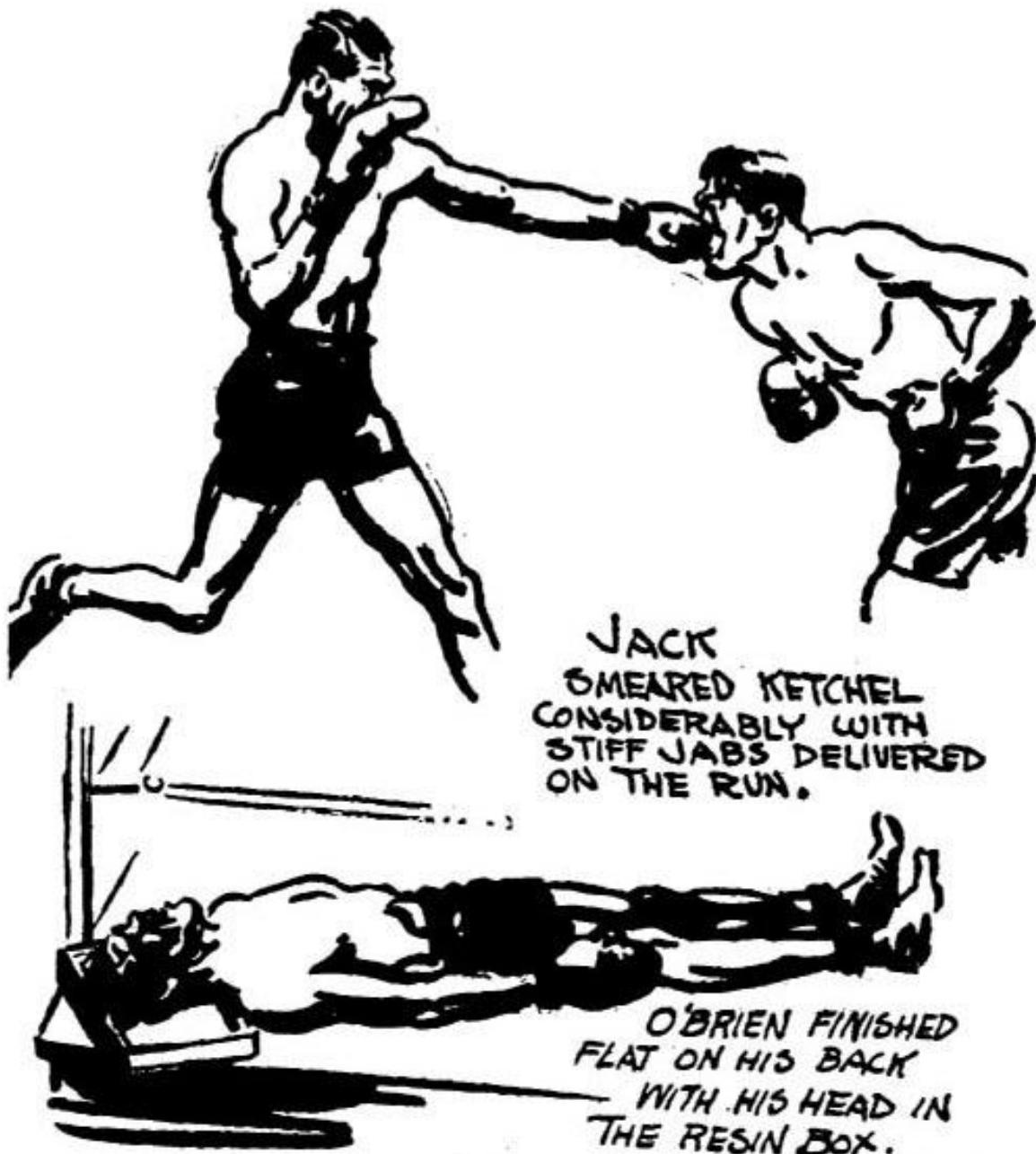
The fight started. Ketchel rushed suddenly, missed O'Brien and was heavily countered to the jaw. Ketchel kept up a series of rushes, O'Brien dodged and talked sneeringly, but Ketchel wasn't listening. O'Brien landed several good counters. They had no effect.

In the years since that fight I've read many stories about how O'Brien cut Ketchel to rags and had it all his own way until the last round. That is bunk – just pure bunk. O'Brien put up a great fight – an amazing fight – a fight that wiped out his old record and put him on the map again. He proved to be a gamester. He jabbed and hooked at Ketchel and gave all in every round. But in the second Ketchel chased O'Brien into the ropes and caught him with a terrific overhand right. The glove crashed between Jack's eyes and nearly knocked him out.

O'Brien grabbed Ketchel around the waist and held on for his life while Hurst tried to make him break. Ketchel pushed him off and banged him with rights and lefts until the bell rang. O'Brien wobbled to his corner with his left eye nearly closed. In the next round Ketchel's left cut open Jack's left eyebrow, then his right eyebrow. O'Brien was red from head to foot, a pitiful sight, and he staggered to his corner at the bell.

Ketchel Takes Punches Looking for K. O.

In the fourth round Ketchel walked in carelessly, hands down, contemptuous of O'Brien's punches, looking for a knockout opening. A hook or two made a mess of O'Brien's mangled eyebrows. The padding had been pushed back from O'Brien's left glove in the corner.



JACK
SMEARED KETCHEL
CONSIDERABLY WITH
STIFF JABS DELIVERED
ON THE RUN.

O'BRIEN FINISHED
FLAT ON HIS BACK
WITH HIS HEAD IN
THE RESIN BOX.

Now he began dancing about and jabbing at Ketchel's mouth. The cutting jabs brought blood that trickled down and both men were crimson. Still Ketchel walked in without any defense, smashing at O'Brien's body and jaw until it was amazing the veteran could take so much punishment. And O'Brien began trading punch for punch, landing on the champ's unguarded jaw until Ketchel was wobbly on his legs although still walking in carelessly, trying to get the one punch kayo over and jarring O'Brien with short jolts in the body.

Then came the sensational time that brought the crowd yelling out of its chairs. O'Brien opened the fifth with fast jabs. Dancing in and out he slashed at Ketchel's mouth and nose until Stanley blew out a red bloody mist with every breath. O'Brien was bleeding badly too, but he looked like

a master boxer against a pupil as Ketchel doggedly pressed in taking everything to give one back.

Again O'Brien started fast, opening the sixth with a crashing right smash on Ketchel's chin. Plenty of courage in O'Brien. He was fighting desperately and taking chances in trying for a knockout. But the blow only seemed to stir Ketchel up. He rushed punching so fast from all sides that O'Brien had to dodge and run and try to clinch when he was caught. Ketchel shifted out of O'Brien's grip and shot a short left into the Quaker's stomach. O'Brien sat down suddenly, his mouth open and his face twisted with distress. He got up slowly, and tried to back away, and Ketchel beat him along the ropes until Jack turned his back and ran around the ring, like Tunney at Chicago except that he wasn't going backward, until the bell stopped the pursuit.

In the seventh Ketchel came in, swaying from side to side, using no guard, taking sharp blows and staggering O'Brien with a left hook. Both were cut up and O'Brien reeling about but fighting desperately.

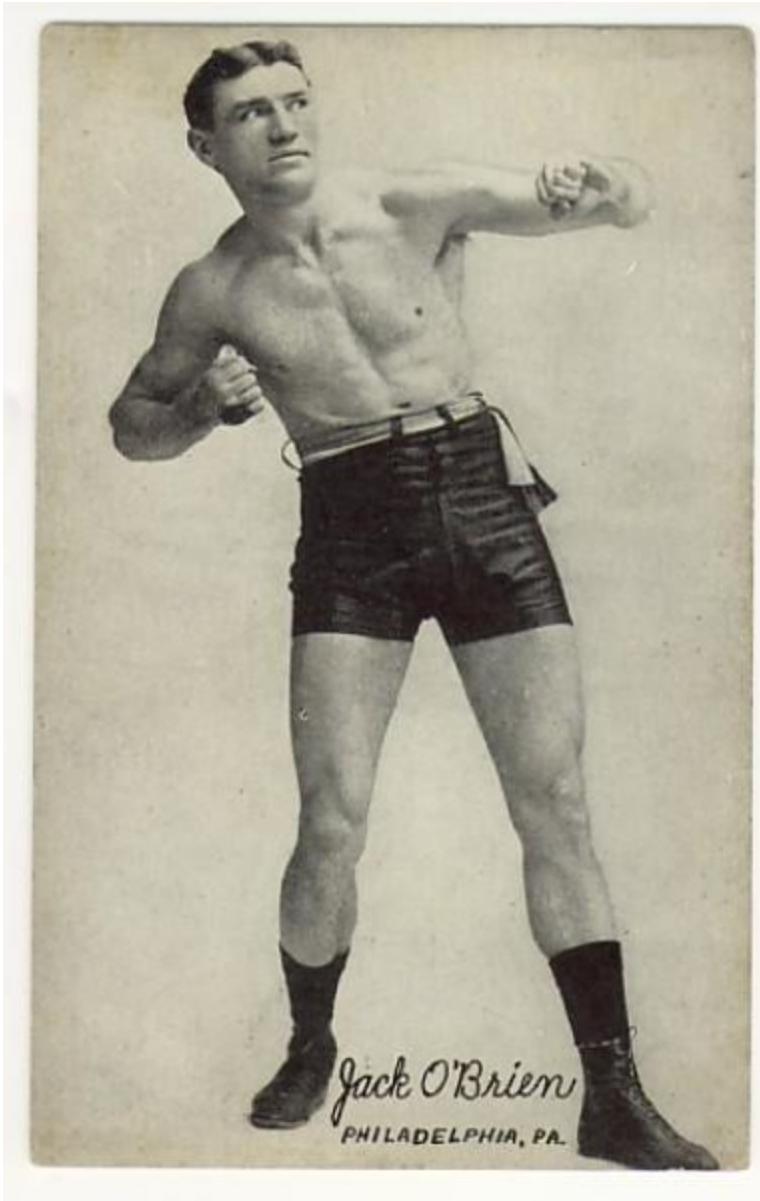
It was Ketchel who came out perfectly fresh for the eighth. O'Brien jabbed fast and soon had him spouting blood from cut lips, but was forced to dodge and run and clinch when Ketchel tore after him. Tim Hurst was groggy and staggering from his efforts to make O'Brien break. Ketchel never held. He was fighting all the time.

O'Brien Takes Battering in Ninth

The ninth round came. And now suddenly all possibility that O'Brien might knock Ketchel out with one of his desperate counters or cut him up so he'd stop was forgotten. O'Brien's hardest punches hadn't even made Ketchel change his expression. No more concerned than if he'd been playing checkers Ketchell simply turned on more and more speed. O'Brien jumped around, dodged and ketchel was after him like an avenging fury. There was no escape. Kid McCoy and Drexil Biddle were shrieking advice to O'Brien from his corner.

But Ketchel pinned him to the ropes and smothered him with blows. Eyes popping out in despair, O'Brien sunk to his knees. He was up at nine, turned his back and sprinted around the ring. Ketchel was after him while the crowd stood on chairs and yelled. Ketchel caught O'Brien, who managed to clinch and hang on. There was little resemblance to anything human in O'Brien's battered face and he was red to the waist. The only question now was whether or not O'Brien could last another round. He was drawing on all his speed and skill and he'd been fighting as he never fought before in his life.

But Stanley Ketchel rushed out of his corner for the last round as fast and strong as in the first. The sponge had left him fresh and clean and wiped away all trace of punishment. As Ketchel plunged in O'Brien turned and ran like a rabbit. Ketchel caught him and he clinched desperately. Ketchel fought free and tore in again. O'Brien grabbed and jammed his elbow into Ketchel's face. The little trick left his body open. Instantly Ketchel hooked right and left into O'Brien's stomach and Jack dropped heavily for a nine count, and needed all of it. Ketchel walked away and let



disappointed.

They fought again two months later in Philadelphia. There was nothing to it. Ketchel had wrecked O'Brien in the first fight. This time Stanley knocked him out in three rounds, with hardly even a bit of competition to make it exciting. But the old timers still talk about that New York bout. Ketchel cleaned up the middleweights and then with the heart of an adventurer challenged Jack Johnson for the heavyweight crown and was knocked out. But he was sensational even in that. In the 11th round Ketchel knocked Johnson down for a count of nine with a terrific right hook behind the ear — and when the heavyweight champion got up and spread his legs to balance himself Ketchel dashed headlong in against a kayak punch. Ketchel's death was violent, like everything else in his life, and in a way sensational. He was shot in the back on a Missouri ranch he was visiting.

him rise, then came back. O'Brien tried to duck away but went down hard from a left on the jaw, a savage punch. O'Brien crawled to his knees and looked around. O'Brien's battered face, seamed with deep lines of anxiety, turned from side to side as his little blue eyes peered through the mask of his face looking for a way to escape for just a moment more. There was no quit in him and his brain was still keen. He grinned at Ketchel as he got up and turned to run along the ropes.

O'Brien Out as Bell Rings

Ketchel was after him in the race against the flying seconds that were left. O'Brien flew along three sides of the ring, then turned and tried to clinch. Ketchel's soggy left glove swished over and chugged on O'Brien's chin. Jack fell straight back at full length, the bottom rope partly breaking his fall. There he lay flat on his back, his head in the resin box, cold to the world.

Referee Tim Hurst's count had reached "six" when the last bell rang. Ketchel looked a little